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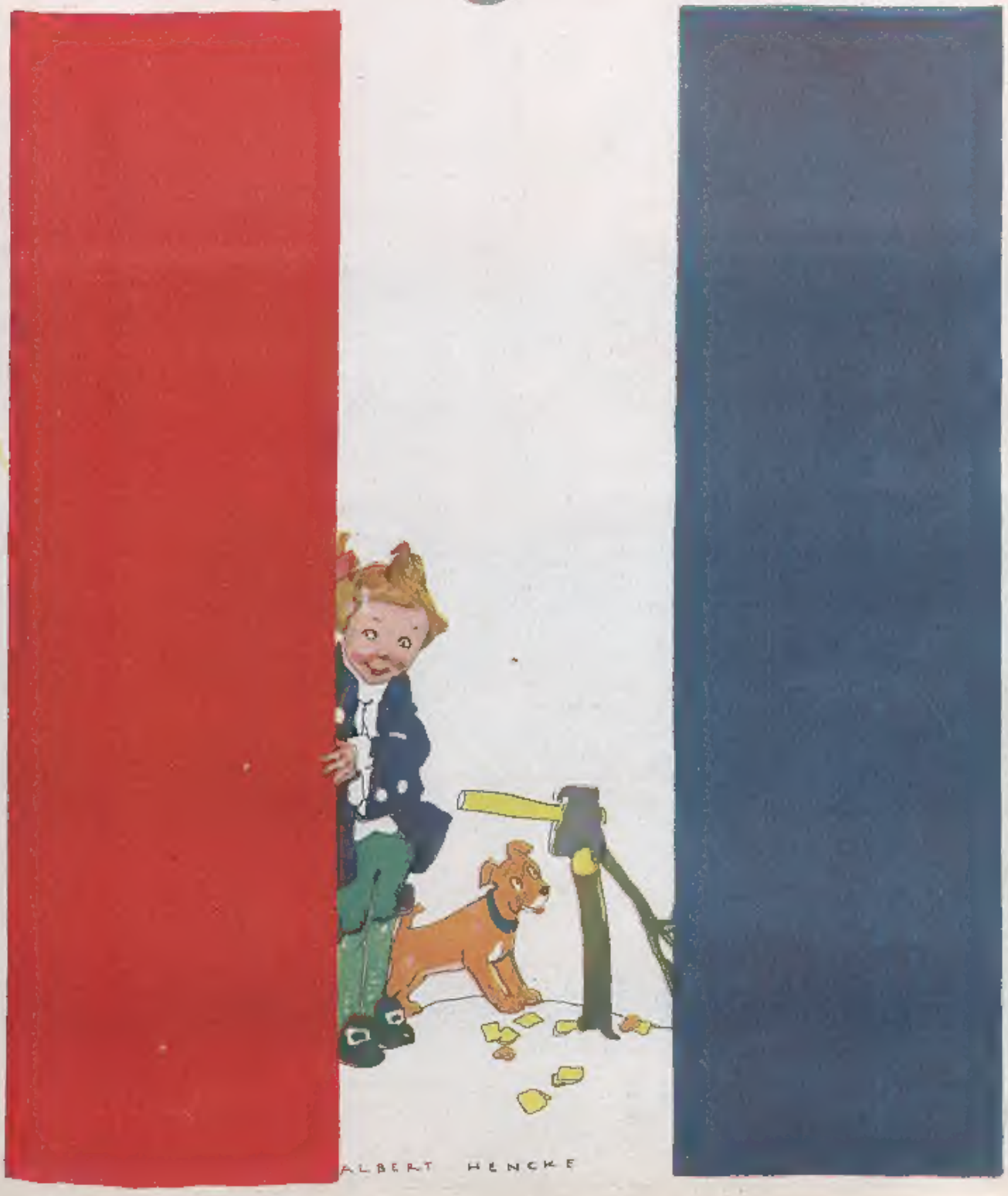

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Your Own Little Bed Is Your Best M. D.

ONE reason for many of the world's tribulations is simply lack of sleep.

Men who ought to be firm-nerved and resolute are vacillating and irritable, ready to believe the worst about one another, quick to take offense.

Troubles that would be laughed away by rested men are bungled into bigness by sluggish brains.

The world is too much ruled by tired-eyed men.

Look at the next picture of Mr. Asquith if you would know why England has not made more progress in the war. His face looks as if he were 7000 hours behind in his sleep.

Look at any one of the flash-lights taken of our prominent men at public banquets. It will help you to understand why our government is not more efficient.

To avoid overeating and alcohol and the cigarette habit are matters of self-control [says Dr. Richard Cabot in the *American Magazine*]. To get the sleep one needs (which means all that one can possibly soak into one's system in twenty-four hours) often takes courage—the courage to refuse invitations, to invite ridicule, to seem odd or "puritanic." I believe that more minor illnesses are due to lack of sleep than to any other recognizable factor. A person catches cold, gets lumbago, is constipated or headache-ridden because his vitality is below par, his physical expenditure beyond his physical income. Sleep would set him square with the world; but to get sleep means sacrificing the evening's fun. This he won't do, and so he runs in debt, and is chronically edging toward a breakdown.

A few men seem to be able to operate indefinitely with very little sleep. Edison is one of these. Napoleon seemed to be.

But Napoleon in his later years showed plainly a loss of punch due to accumulated fatigue. He often dropped asleep in the midst of vital matters.

Gladstone, on the other hand, considered regular sleep of first importance, and sacrificed everything to it.

When Perseus, the last king of ancient Macedonia, was confined as a prisoner at Rome, his guards wished to put him out of the way without leaving any marks on his person or bringing down the displeasure of their superiors upon them.

They accomplished their purpose by making it impossible for the poor prisoner to get a single moment's sleep.

Napoleon sent 50,000 of his trained veterans to Haiti at one time to reduce the negro population, who were being led by the redoubtable Toussaint L'Ouverture. A few months later 5000 of them—all that were left—withdrew, bedraggled and defeated.

What had happened to the other 25,000? Shot? Not many of them. Toussaint did not have ammunition enough to shoot very many.

No. He adopted the simpler and more effective plan of starving them to death for lack of sleep. Night after night, when the French lay down to snatch a few moments' rest, he would threaten an attack. All night long a few of his men would continue the pretense—and all night long the French would toss in sleeplessness.

They had faced the best men of Europe and won; but they could not conquer the loss of sleep.

I have seen an abject coward lie down to sleep, and rise up a strong, courageous man. I have seen a liar go to bed, and awake ready to tell the truth and take the consequences. I have seen vigorous, determined executives step out of the same beds where doddering ineffectives lay down the night before.

"Those who are habituated to full and regular sleep are those who recover most readily from sickness," says Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, and adds: "The observation of this truth led Menander to teach that sleep is the natural cure of all diseases."

Menander was right. We should have fewer doctor bills; fewer deaths of men between forty and fifty; fewer quarrels—yes, even fewer wars—if the nerves of all men were kept toned and sweet by a generous measure of sleep.

In all the world of literature there is no finer line than this:

He giveth His beloved sleep.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

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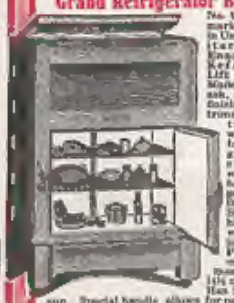

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From the original painting by Howard E. Smith.

THE CONVALESCENT

PERHAPS because suffering in children is so hard for grown-ups to bear, men have turned all the forces of Science to battle against it. One of the most inspiring of human victories is charted in the descending curve that marks the death rate of infants. In every civilized nation the chance of a baby to grow up to manhood or womanhood is twice or three times—sometimes even ten times—as good as it once was.

Men have not solved the problem of their own health. They still wear themselves out between forty and fifty, when they should be in their prime; they still cast their lives away prodigally on the battle-field. They have not learned to save themselves from suffering—but the suffering of little children becomes every year less and less.

Not merely physical suffering, but mental and spiritual suffering as well. Fifty years ago some visitors to a tenement found Mary Ellen screaming behind a door. She was covered with welts where her mother had beaten her. The visitors brought Mary Ellen into court, and out of the turmoil which her bruised body created came the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which in New York alone has helped and protected 218,715 children.

The world has progressed a long way since Vincent de Paul, shocked by seeing a child deliberately maimed for the trade of beggary, persuaded Louis XIII to found the first refuge for homeless children. We are beginning to understand that the Future is in the hands of children, and can be a better Future only as they are given better health and happier lives and a better chance.

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February 19, 1917

Every Week

$1.00 per Year
5 Cents a Copy

THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN SLAUGHTER

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

"ISN'T the slaughter terrible?"

Everybody who returns to the United States from the war in Europe is asked this question, trite as it seems.

My answer must always be:

"Dying or killing are not the most terrible things that war brings to a man, woman, or child. In Europe you see worse things than dying or killing. Worse things happen to European folk than being killed or crippled."

The first dead men I saw in the war, back in those early and old-time days in Belgium, struck me as having been uselessly murdered, and the sight left a baleful impression on my mind, for a time. To my surprise, however, I soon beheld such sights without emotion. But there was one sight—one manifestation of the horrors of war—that I could not accustom myself to view without a mental shudder. This was the sight of vast bodies of men marching or camping.

There they were, men of family, of business, of ideals, of religion, all brought down to the same level—all alike. Like barrels whose hoops have been removed, those men, individually, in their lives and in their characters have fallen apart since the binding support of their home environment has been taken away from round about them. The impression that they were like animals, like herded, unthinking beasts, was so strong upon me that at night in my sleep, instead of seeing dead and mangled bodies, I saw in my dreams vast bodies of soldiers passing before me, each man wearing the head of some beast instead of his own. They were not brutal, leonine men-animals I saw; only patient, dumb, obedient, long-suffering, kindly oxen, such as cattle, deer, horses, dogs.

To be turned into such a man is worse than death, and among thinking men in the seven armies that I saw at close range I often found soldiers and officers who realized what sort of beings they had become. There are penalties just short of death for men in the various armies who sicken of being unthinking men-animals and try to find a way out of their plight by suicide—who stick their heads above the trenches or who wound themselves with their own rifles.

It is worse than death for a man to get into his head the idea that he has the right to kill. Such an idea destroys his value as a citizen and leads him toward the gallows. Yet this idea is fastening itself in the minds of thousands of men in Europe. On a battle-field killing may not be murder; but when a man takes the killing idea into his private life and uses it as a solution of his personal and private difficulties, he might better be killed in war and have it over with.

The other day in London a soldier, home on leave of absence from the front, tried in vain to take an afternoon nap. He shouted from his window to a group of women and children in the courtyard that their jabbering and laughing were not to his liking. They jeered at him. The soldier took a hand bomb from his pack, the sort that he had thrown in the trenches by the hundred with intent to kill, and tossed it into the courtyard. He killed three people.

I once carried a Russian rifle—which an Austrian officer had presented to me as a token of Austrian prowess in the capture of Przemysl—into a little hotel in the town of Alt Sandec, where a dozen minor Austrian officers were sitting at a table. They viewed the trophy with excited and somewhat jubilant interest. Then one officer drew a Russian rifle cartridge from his pocket, placed it in the rifle, raised the weapon, and, deliberately pointing it at the white-haired Jewish proprietor of the hotel, who stood some twenty feet distant, pulled the trigger. The bullet missed the old man, but it was a close call. The room filled with powder smoke, which rose slowly to the ceiling.

Powder has two different smells. As a police reporter I have gone into rooms in various American cities where murder or suicide has been done, and I know the scent of powder under such conditions. As a war reporter I have smelled the smoke of powder on the battle-field. There's a difference in the odor, even if the powder be the same. The murder-powder smoke in the little hotel in Alt Sandec that night gave me a feeling of nausea, and I jerked my memento rifle from the laughing young subaltern and went away from the place.

Only a few months before the young fellow had been a rising young architect in the city of Vienna. Later in the evening he hunted up Robert Dunn, then of the New York *Evening Post*, and myself, and asked us to tell one of his superior officers that the rifle had gone off by accident. The officer had threatened to punish him for—drunkenness!

Some terrible change had come to the mind of that young man, a change that brought as great harm to him as anything that could happen to him, even death itself.

In Villers-Cotterets, in September of 1914, during the aftermath of the battle of the Marne, I was arrested by the British for being out of bounds, and was held for several days in the village, with the privilege of going about the town as I pleased. Villers-Cotterets had been fought over twice. The Germans had taken it once, and the French had regained it, so that the village folk had been given

A BIG, pleasant-faced chap whom I know enlisted in this war two years ago. The other day came a letter from him. If I had not known his handwriting I could not have believed he wrote it. *It was the letter of a bloodthirsty savage.* It is what war does to *the men who do not die* that is most terrible; and this aspect of war—its blasting effect on the characters of the living warriors—has nowhere been more vividly presented than in Mr. Shepherd's article.

THE EDITOR.

plenty of opportunity to know what war looked like.

In the afternoon, after school was out, I used to go to the grounds of the old château to watch the boys of the village play "soldiers," as they called it. They did not play "soldiers" as American boys who have never seen war might play it. They did not have paper caps and wooden swords and drums and tissue-paper cockades; in fact, their game was not "soldiers," but "war." They chose sides, these French schoolboys who had seen dead men, killed in battle, like American boys choosing sides for "one old cat" or "poni' poni' pull-away." Then, under the chestnut trees, with huge horse-chestnuts—and sometimes with stones when the supply of chestnuts gave out—they fought it out.

I have seen a boy of ten with his scalp laid open, his face covered with blood, grunting with exertion, cursing, wild-eyed, playing "war" in this fashion on the beautiful sward under the majestic chestnuts of the old château at Villers-Cotterets, heedless of his wounds, desperately trying to bring blood to the surface on the persons of comrades with whom on that same afternoon he had sat at his studies in the village school.

These boys were only imitating their fathers. All their lives these boys of Villers-Cotterets, like millions of other boys in Europe on whom war has worked its changes, will be ready for war, alert to make their boyhood play come true.

Wars come about every thirty years, it is said. Is this because of the fact that every thirty years the boy who played "war" grows to be a man and wants to see his play made real? With this question in mind, it was gruesome business to watch the youngsters of Villers-Cotterets at play. It was like seeing new war clouds form in the mists of the distant future—storms of war that were to be brought down on the head of humanity by statesmen still in smocks and knee-breeches. It was like seeing an eternal death sentence of war passed upon human-kind.

"Which side are the Germans?" I asked the general of one of the chestnut armies.

"The side that is whipped, monsieur," he said, grinning in spite of a blank eye.

You'll never weed hate for the Germans out of the minds of French boys who fought at their play, as they did, to draw imaginary German blood. War slaughters, which is bad enough; but it creates new and distant slaughters, which is worse.

The moral and mental disintegration that is caused by military service in individual cases is shocking. This applies to all armies that I have seen.

"That fellow would be better dead," said a friend of mine, as an Englishman we had known in peace times walked away from us after a chance meeting in the Strand. "Everything that was good in him is dead already."

Only a year before, this man had been a star of Fleet Street. He wrote with a sympathy and an understanding of human nature that made his work stand out. But as we saw him, after a year in the army as an noncommissioned officer, the grime of war was on his soul as well as on his body.

"I've quit writing," he said, with a weak grin that displayed the absence of two front teeth. "Something's happened to me. I can't ever write again. I don't even try to do it. Anyhow, what's the use? It's all war."

The man that he had been a year before would have killed himself with his own gun rather than become the man we saw and talked with that afternoon in the Strand.

His was only a typical case. Every mother, sister, and wife in Europe has seen some change of this sort take place among the men-folk she knows. Sometimes it is less, but sometimes death would be better than the upheaving conversion to baseness which war produces.

"No more books or music and no more women. I'm simply rotting mentally." I have had officers make this confession to me in five different languages in seven different armies. "I'm rotting, and I can't help it."

Not all the bad things of war happen to human bodies.

The Omitted Question

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrations by W. C. Dexter

I'VE been running a grocery on this corner for twenty-six years, come the seventh of March. When I moved here the town was five miles from the city; now the city's grown five miles past the town, and I suppose I ain't a country groceryman any more. That's what know-it-all folks say when they stand around advising me to put in a fancy glass front and a lot of doo-dads and what-d'ye-call-'ems. But it don't have any effect on me, you can bet your bottom dollar. I'm the man that's running this store, and as long as I run it I'm going to do as I darn please. Anybody that wants to trade with glass fronts and dingle-bobs can find them, I calc'late.

The trouble with the grocery business now is that it's just business. All folks want is to buy sugar and tea and baker's bread. Nobody wants to stop and talk any more. Why, time was when I figgered to know a leetle more about my customers than they did themselves. But that was before the business run down to a point where it wasn't anything but swapping stuff to eat for money. But it don't make no difference to me. I do just like I used to.

To say the thing short and sweet, nowadays people who come into groceries to buy are just customers. Well, with me they hain't—they're *folks*.

I call to mind the time I hung up one of those canvas hams filled with sawdust and painted yellow. You've seen them. Sort of advertising affairs. Well, along come Mrs. Wilkins, and looks at it, and says what a lovely-looking ham and how much? She snapped it up quick before somebody got ahead of her. I learned subsequent that they didn't consider it appetizing. But did Mrs. Wilkins get mad and quit trading with me? Not any. I calc'late she enjoyed the joke as much as me. But nowadays—huh—I s'pose I'd be arrested for violating the pure food act.

Of course there's families that's lived here eighteen, twenty year that hain't changed much, folks that's traded with me since the World's Fair and before. And the second crop is coming along—young wimmin that I used to give a stick of candy to on the sly when they wasn't far removed from nursing bottles, and boys that used to come sneaking up to swipe my bananas. They're getting married, and some stays in the neighborhood. A number of them calls me Uncle Eli and brings in their new babies for me to see. But them kind is in the minority. Most people—'tain't right to call 'em folks—calls me Mister Popple, or else "my good man." Makes me feel like sending 'em cold-storage eggs.

There's the Cushmans, now. Twenty-three year ago Eli Popple was all the caterer Mrs. Cushman's son could afford when Mabel got married; and, though Cushman's got rich in this here automobile flare-up, they're still buying of me, and Elinor, who's 'most her ma's age when I done that catering, calls me Uncle Eli. She favors her ma consid'able, though prettier, *I'd* say. Twenty she was last spring, and she was as tickled over gettin' a birthday present from me as she used to be fifteen sixteen year back. Why, dum it all if she didn't kiss me when I come fetchin' it to her!

Her father gave her one of these electric automobiles, and nothing would do but I must go out to see it and go for a ride in it.

"Kin you run the dummed thing?" says I.

She just looked at me so scornful I pried open the door and got in without saying a word. She grabbed hold of the dingus and started to navigate her out of the garage and down the driveway. We made it without damaging anything but the door and a bunch of shrubs; but then, there wasn't anything else to get in the way. I begun to have misgivings. But we got into the street and turned, and Elinor twisted the thing's tail again, and we went scooting along like we was hurrying to ketch a train we knew had just left.

"Elinor," says I, "you hain't but twenty and kin afford to spend a month or so in the hospital; but me, I'm sixty, and my time's short. I don't want to waste none of it lookin' up into the kind face of one of them trained nurses."

"Shucks," says she.

"To me, people who come to buy groceries hain't just customers—they're folks."

AND then, all of a sudden, a coal-wagon and a baby cab and an automobile and a milk-cart and what not sort of popped out of nowheres and surrounded us, and we started to dodge, and the rest hain't just clear to me. It was sort of like riding over a plowed field in a merry-go-round hitched to a runaway engine. Then we brought up bouncing against a front porch, facing nor'-nor'east, as the sailors say, and straddling a young man with white flannel pants on.

I resolved for the dose.

"Much obleeged, Elinor," says I, "but I got to be gettin' back to the store. You're a dandy driver," says I. "You never missed one of 'em."

"Don't be scared," says she, after she had watched the young man with the flannel pants crawl out and take spring inventory of himself. "Nobody's hurt."

"No," says I, "except in the feelin's. As for me," says I, "I felt like I was sittin' up in my casket shootin' rapid for the judgment day. To a man with as much to answer for as me, that hain't no holiday picnic."

Elinor wasn't paying much attention to me, apparently, for she opened the door and scowled vindictive-like at the young man with the white pants. I didn't blame her, and I says over her shoulder:

"Young feller, hain't you got more sense than to be goin' along in daylight wearin' that rig? This here travelin' payin' teller's window skied at them pants, and like to have throwed us out."

But he wasn't paying any attention to me, either—just standing there looking hard at Elinor.

"Good morning, Elinor," says he, reaching for his hat, which wasn't where he thought it was. The automobile was standing on it.

"Miss Cushman," says she coldly. "I thought, Mr. Bundy," says she, "that I asked you not to annoy me again."

"Really, Miss Cushman," says he, with a grin you couldn't help liking, "when I let your car skid up and run over me, I hadn't the least idea it was you. If I *had* known, I beg you to believe I should have dodged. It was not done with the slightest idea of obtruding myself on you."

She just sniffed dainty-like.

"Has this young man with the pants been botherin' you, Elinor?" says I.

"He has," says she. "He asks me to marry him every time he sees me."

"That is annoyin'," says I, "especial in a feller with his ideas of dress. But," I says, "I dunno's he's to be blamed such a sight, neither. If I wasn't sixty and smelled of coffee and soap and sich, I guess maybe I'd git to be a nuisance myself."

She sniffed another sniff.

The young man looked right at her, still grinning, and says:

"It's customary, when drivers run down pedestrians and injure them, for the drivers, as aforesaid, to ask solicitously if they can't drive the pedestrians home."

"Young man," says I, "you kin have my seat. I'm through with it."

"He can't," says Elinor. And, before I could leap out, she started the automobile to backing, and the no. I knew we was heading for home, with me experiencing the pangs of terror.

Maybe that ain't exactly precisely the way the thing happened, if I was made to testify about it before a jury; but there's the substantial facts. You can glean the main idea from them.

WELL, sir, the next day or so went along quiet, with me doing nothing but sell groceries to folks' hired girls and explaining over the doggone telephone that I didn't put in one bad egg in the dozen out of personal spite, and pointing out to wimmin with eye-glasses that I was the proprietor of that store and proposed to run it like I wanted to, letting my kerosene tank stand just exactly where I stood it, even if it was next to the molasses. Some folks is that persnickety! Then I looked up from opening a case of canned corn, and there was the young fellow with the white pants—only he'd left them to home this time.

"Howdy," says I. "What kin I do for you?"

"Well," says he, "I'd like a quart of lard and a peck of eggs and about five hundred beans."

"I HAVE NO TIME TO READ"

All Right—We'll Do Your Reading for You. $300 Worth of New Books and Magazines Are Read Every Week for These Two Pages

BILLIE BURKE'S BABY

BILLIE BURKE has a baby daughter, and her name is Florence Patricia Ziegfeld; and whether her hair is going to be Titian, like her mother's, is a question that nobody, so far, has had the temerity to decide. Babies usually arrive with just any old kind of hair, and select the variety they want to keep after they have looked around a bit.

Thus it is with little Florence Patricia.

But, if Miss Ziegfeld is taking life easy in her airy nursery in a big New York hotel, it is far, far otherwise with her busy parents. At the present moment they have her career planned all the way from this bassinette up to voting age. "She shall be brought up to be a regular home girl," says her father. "But she must have her special bent, whatever it may be, developed," says her mother, "so that she will be able to have an independent career if she wants it." "She must have poise and tact and consideration for her elders," says her father. "Nothing like the training the English girls get," says her mother; "plenty of out-of-doors is the thing." And so they go on. Florence Patricia doesn't mind. Between naps she kicks off one of her hundred-odd pairs of birthday booties and speculates gravely about the color of her hair. She knows that, after all, that will make all the difference.

MISTAKES YOU MAKE IN WRITING LETTERS

HAVE your business letters degenerated into a repetition of stilted, routine phrases?

Most business correspondence is guilty of that charge, as William Cushing Bamburgh points out in his *Talks on Business Correspondence* (Little, Brown & Company). You would never think of talking such phrases as "same duly to hand," "thanking you in advance, I beg to remain." Why spoil your letters with them?

"Carefully avoid such words and stock phrases as 'beg to acknowledge,' 'beg to advise,' 'beg to inquire,' etc.," continues the author (quoting from *System*). "Don't 'beg' at all.

"Don't say 'kindly' for 'please.' Avoid 'the same' as you would the plague.

"Don't write 'would say.' Go ahead and say it.

"Don't say 'inclose herewith.' 'Herewith' is superfluous.

"Don't 'reply' to a letter; 'answer' it. You answer a letter and reply to an argument.

"Don't use a long or big word where a short one will do just as well or better.

"Carefully avoid the appearance of sarcasm.

"Beware of adjectives, especially superlatives.

"Finally, don't forget that certain small words are in the language for a purpose—'and,' 'a,' 'the,' are important, and their elimination often makes a letter bald, curt, and distinctly inelegant."

THE MAN WHO TRUSTS NOBODY

WHEN Villa was a boy of sixteen, delivering milk in the streets of Chihuahua, he killed an insolent government official, and had to take to the mountains. Once a refugee, he committed the unpardonable sin of stealing some cattle from a rich rancher. From that time on there was a price on his head.

"In all those outlaw years," says John Reed in *Insurgent Mexico* (D. Appleton & Company), "he learned to trust nobody. Often in his secret journeys across country with one faithful companion, he camped in some desolate spot and dismissed his guide; then, leaving a fire burning, he rode all night to get away from his faithful companion. That is how Villa learned the art of war."

Three years ago Villa's faithful retainers decided to give him a medal for personal heroism on the field.

"The officers of the artillery, in smart uniforms, were banked across one end of the audience hall of the Governor's palace. From the door of that chamber all the way down to the street stood a double line of soldiers with their rifles at present arms."

The band struck up the Mexican national air, and Villa came walking down the street.

"He was dressed in an old plain khaki uniform with several buttons lacking. He hadn't recently shaved, wore no hat, and his hair had not been brushed. He walked a little pigeon-toed, humped over, with his hands in his trousers pockets. The band threw off all restraint, and as Villa entered the audience chamber the great throng outside uncovered, and all the brilliant officers in the room saluted stiffly.

"It was Napoleonic!

"Villa hesitated a moment, finally gravitated toward the throne, which he tested by shaking its arms, and then sat down, with the Governor on his right and the Secretary of State on his left.

"Señor Bauche Alcalde stepped forward, raised his right hand to the exact position which Cicero took when denouncing Catalina, and pronounced a short discourse inditing Villa for personal bravery on the field on six counts, which he mentioned in florid detail.

"He was followed by the Chief of Artillery, who said:

"'The army adores you. We will follow you wherever you lead. You can be what you desire in Mexico.'

"So it went on, the recipient of all these honors in the meantime uneasily slouching on the throne, yawning and glancing amusedly round the room like a small boy in church.

"Finally, with an impressive gesture, a colonel stepped forward with a small pasteboard box.

"Villa opened the box eagerly, looked at the medal, scratched his head, and said: 'This is a hell of a little thing to give a man for all that heroism you are talking about.'"

"Villa seems to be afraid of nothing except his friends," writes one commentator. In which the Mexican Robin Hood does not differ from other famous men we have known.

WHAT IT COSTS TO SMOKE

EVERY year in America $1,200,000,000 goes up in smoke.

How much of this do you spend? According to the *Monthly Health Letter* of the Life Extension Institute, you spend enough in a year to buy a billiard or pool table. Even the poorest man spends on the average more than he would need to enjoy the theater, music, books, travel, games, sports, and other brain-resting, body-building enjoyments.

You spend more than this. According to the evidence gathered by physicians, you pay for your smokes not only with trouble in heart and circulation, but with acid dyspepsia, insomnia, catarrh, and even blindness.

As for the writer who assures his wife that he can't work without a cigarette in his mouth, the health bulletin says:

"To hear some smokers talk, one would suppose that literature and art had always been created in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke. The Greeks set a mark in literature and in art which has never yet been reached by cigarette-, cigar-, or pipe-smoking moderns. The great religions of the world, the great works of art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, were produced without the aid of tobacco. Until 1560 tobacco was unknown to civilized nations, and there is no record of any wonderful artistic production by the American Indians, who prior to that time were alone familiar with its use."

Of course Mark Twain never stopped smoking one big black cigar after another. But then, Shakespeare was a total abstainer.

A SCIENTIST'S VIEW OF GENIUS

IF you have a habit of pouring water over your hands, like Beethoven, regardless of the fact that it leaks down to the room below on the head of a wrathful landlady, or if you have a mania for touching every pole you come to, like Samuel Johnson, don't think you are losing your mind. You may merely be getting ready to compose a symphony or write a history. For, writes Professor Karl Kelsey in *The Physical Basis of Society* (D. Appleton & Company), some one has said that when genius comes in at the door, health flies out of the window. He quotes from Lydston the following afflicted geniuses:

"Æsop, Vergil, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Cato were undoubtedly neuropaths. The stammering of Demosthenes is familiar to every schoolboy. Socrates had a familiar demon of which he was the victim. Pausanius, the Greek geographer, murdered a slave and was ever after tormented by the spirit of the murdered youth.

"Peter the Great had epilepsy. Raphael was often tempted to suicide. Paschal suffered from nervous troubles all his life. Molière was a sufferer from convulsions. Mozart, who composed at four years of age, was warned of impending death by a vision, and died of brain disease at thirty-six. Cuvier, Chopin, Bruno, Comte, Johnson, Southey, Carlyle, Goldsmith, Keats, Coleridge, De Quincey, George Eliot, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Newton, Chateaubriand, de Balzac, Chatham, Burns, Dickens—all of these beacon-lights of the history of genius show undoubted evidences of degeneracy.

"Victor Hugo was dominated by the egotistic idea of becoming the greatest man of all time. De Staël was an epicure; she feared the sensation of cold after death, and stipulated in her will that she be buried in furs. Swift was of insane stock; he was naturally cruel, and given to violent and aggressive outbursts of temper. He suffered from serious eye and ear trouble and facial paralysis.

"Shelley was called mad, had hallucinations, and was a victim of the opium habit. Southey had a neurotic ancestry, and died an imbecile. Cowper was afflicted by melancholia, and was finally confined for a time. Byron's brain was as clubbed as his foot. Thomas Chatterton was a weakling, called back to the bosom of nature before his time through the agency of self-murder. Poe, the man who stands out in boldest relief in American literature, was a dipsomaniac and not unlikely a lunatic."

SEA-FEVER

By JOHN MASEFIELD

(*From Salt Water Poems and Ballads*, published by the Macmillan Company.)

Painting by Charles Vezin

I MUST down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

ARE RICH CHILDREN MORE INTELLIGENT?

HAS the boy born in a log cabin or slum a better chance in the world than the child of a rich man? Romance would have it so, but science refuses to be convinced. In *The Development of Intelligence in Children*, the Vineland Training School at Vineland, N. J., has translated the writings of Dr. Binet, discoverer of the celebrated Binet tests for measuring intelligence. Dr. Binet tells an interesting experience. He had been applying his tests to children in the public schools of Paris for several years, when he received a letter from two Belgian scientists, saying that they had been using his tests on some children in Brussels and complaining that the tests were *too easy*. The Belgian children, according to the tests, were a year and a half more advanced than the French children.

Dr. Binet set to work to run down the discrepancy, and finally arrived at the answer. The Paris children were mostly poor; the Belgian children were from well-to-do homes. In some of the tests there was little difference in the aptitude of rich and poor children. But in those tests that had to do with verbal superiority—that is, the ability to understand and speak the language easily—the superiority of rich children was especially marked.

In other words, the child who grows up in a home where good language is constantly used by members of the family, has a distinct advantage over the child whose early years are spent among people whose vocabulary is limited and often poorly used. Furthermore, "our personal investigations have demonstrated," says M. Binet, "that children of the poorer class are shorter, weigh less, have smaller heads, and slighter muscular force than a child of the upper class; they less often reach high school; they are more often behind in their studies."

Proper nourishment and a home atmosphere of culture—the child who enjoys these advantages enters life with a tremendous start over the child whose youth is deprived of them.

HE PAID $25,000 FOR A GROUCH

THE cost of grouches is usually high, but *Homes Monthly* tells of one man who paid $25,000 for his. Forty years ago Pete Bobidoux was the Marshall Field of Fort Wallace, Kansas, the temporary terminus of the old Kansas Pacific Railroad. As proprietor of a two-story store with a $25,000 stock, Mr. Robinoux, of course, entertained all the railroad officials who came in their private cars to the end of the line.

But finally the officials extended the line to Denver. Fort Wallace became a deserted village. This Bobidoux took as a personal insult from the railroad officials, and he nursed a grouch devotedly till he finally decided that by closing the store he would break the town. This he did. His store still stands, with boarded doors and windows shielding the $25,000 stock, one of the wonders of western Kansas.

"Dust has collected; bars of soap have as large as your hand have dried up until they are now no larger than walnuts. The place has always fascinated thieves; much has been carried off, and what has not been stolen has been badly chewed by the teeth of time. Pete Robinoux still lives in the vicinity, and occasionally takes visitors into the store. Having made a fortune as a ranchman, he is now almost proud of his $25,000 grouch."

WHEN TOLSTOY BECAME A SHOEMAKER

"HERE we sit in our well heated rooms, and this very day a man was frozen to death on the highroad," wrote Count Tolstoy.

"We stuff ourselves with outlets and pastry of every sort," he continued, "while in Samara the people are dying by thousands with stomachs swollen from famine."

It was such thoughts that transformed the aristocrat of noble birth from a mere pleasure-seeker into a rebel, living with the frugality of a peasant, devoting his life to work, prayer, and reform. Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great reformer, traces that transformation in his "Reminiscences of Tolstoy" (Century Company).

Manual labor became, in Tolstoy's thought, a matter of religious duty. All day long in summer he would work in the burning sun with the wood-sawyers. In the winter he set himself to learn shoemaking.

"He got a boot-maker from somewhere,—a modest black-bearded man,—bought a set of implements, and set up a bench in his little study. The shoemaker used to come at fixed hours; master and pupil sat side by side on low stools and set to work. My father sat huddled up over his bench, carefully waxing his thread, or splicing his bristle, breaking it, starting afresh, groaning with the effort, and, pupil-like, triumphant at every success.

"During the lessons people often came to see my father.

"I remember how Prince Obolénski, my cousin, came in one day. My father had just learned to drive the pegs in the sole.

"'It doesn't seem so very difficult,' said Obolénski, half in joke.

"'Well, you try!'

"'Right you are!'

"'Very good; but on one condition: every peg you drive in I'll pay you a rouble, and every peg you break, you pay me ten copecks. Agreed?'

"Obolénski took the boot, awl, and hammer, and broke eight pegs. Then he laughed and paid up eighty copecks, which went to the shoemaker."

WHAT SOLITARY CONFINEMENT DOES TO PEOPLE

SOLITARY confinement is the most ghastly of all tortures, says Thomas Mott Osborne in *Society and Prisons* (Yale University Press). After seeing the faces of prisoners who endure it, you know that it is more terrible than hard labor and floggings.

Dickens, describing the solitary confinement he saw in American prisons, wrote: "In the haggard face of every man the same expression sat. It had something of that strained attention we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as though they had all been secretly terrified."

This kind of punishment was first introduced as a great reform. Up to 1794 the problem of what to do with a criminal was solved by a brief prayer and a hanging. But when Pennsylvania began to cut down on capital punishments the whole idea of a prison was altered. It became a place to make bad men good.

The Quakers of Philadelphia were the first to see that the free mingling of hardened criminals with novices in crime was a bad thing; so, with the most sincerely charitable motives, they introduced the punishment that drives men to madness and suicide—solitary confinement.

Mr. Osborne quotes an Englishman who visited the Philadelphia prison in 1827. After looking over the yard, where criminals were lounging about, he remarked that at least it was a satisfaction to see no boys.

"'Oh,' said the keeper, 'we keep the youngsters where they can come to none of the mischief or evil communication.'

"So he and I walked on until we came to a range of cells, each ten feet by six. These cells were closed by iron doors, with chinks left for air, and in each of them was confined a single boy, who was left there in absolute solitude, without employment of any kind.

"I went close to one cell. Within I could distinguish a fine looking lad about thirteen years of age. I was told he had run away from his master to whom he was apprenticed. Thus he was caged nine weeks.

"'Speak to him, sir,' said the keeper. I did so, and asked him how he liked it.

"'I am very miserable, sir,' he said. 'I am almost dead.'

"'What do you do with yourself?'

"'I just walk up and down here—miserable!'

"'Have you no books?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Did you not tell me a little while ago,' said I, turning to the keeper, 'that in every cell there was a Bible?'

"'Oh, yes, I did; but all those belonging to the boys have been worn out and gone long ago.'"

"And solitary confinement still persists," concludes Mr. Osborne.

"Not long ago I was taken to see a county jail in a big city, and there I found men with sentences as long as five years shut in their solitary cells and showing the same attitude of hopelessness that Dickens saw in 1842."

How do they treat convicts in your town or State? Have you ever looked it up to find out?

A FALSE ALARM

From Punch.

Having left orders to be called early—

Crash!

"Oh—Zeppin!"

"I was afraid it was time to get up!"

The Other Brown

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

Illustration by Lucius W. Hitchcock

THE body of Mr. Welles-Hewitt, who was murdered in the library of his New York house, is discovered by two men who never saw him alive. Scarborough, a member of the secret service, while watching the house for a Mexican suspect named Gil, hears a woman's scream, and enters the house to find his distant relative, Dozy Cullop. Dozy, getting ready for a college dinner a little while before, is warned to leave his house by the roof to avoid sophomore conspirators waiting for him. He hastily makes arrangements with a neighbor; but, going down the first open scuttle he sees, gets in the wrong house. On the parlor floor he runs into a young man whom he at first mistakes for an acquaintance of his and Scarborough's named Brown. This man dashes by him and up two flights of stairs. Then Dozy hears the scream that brings Scarborough to the house. The detective suggests examining the street floor at once, and they find Welles-Hewitt's body. While waiting for the police to come, they go through the rest of the house, and discover, lying unconscious in the hall on the third floor, an elderly woman, apparently a servant. The young man has escaped by way of the roof. The woman appears to have been badly frightened, but will make no explanation. To the police she denies all knowledge of the murderer, but tells a straight story. She, Juana Martinez, has been housekeeper for Welles-Hewitt many years. Called to Mexico suddenly, he has arranged for his daughter and the housekeeper to stay at a convent, and dismissed the servants, with the exception of a maid, who is out walking with his daughter. While awaiting their return, the police, in an effort to trace the murderer, search the next house, a boarding-house, and learn that a recent lodger in the house, who answers Dozy's description of "Brown," has been seen leaving with a suit-case.

"My name is Rosalba Ynaaga. . . . No, Mr. Welles-Hewitt was only my step-father. . . . No, no! I have no idea who could have done this terrible thing!"

The girl was seated facing the Inspector. She was richly dark, with clear olive skin. The long, pure oval of her face, shadowed by the frame of dusky hair and by the wide-brimmed girlish hat she wore, was very pale. There was color only in her full lips, from which now and then as she spoke she caught back the breath tremulously. She sat rigidly erect, her slim gloved hands tightly clasped in her lap.

At her side was the old housekeeper, Juana Martinez. Her fleshy body was sunk low in her chair, her eyes were closed, her lips moved ceaselessly. And over and again, as if at set intervals in the prayers she was saying, she crossed herself.

And behind these two, at a respectful distance, with face as white and terrified as that of her mistress, stood the young housemaid.

"I have been to church. Mrs. Martinez insisted that I go out; I had—"

"She insisted?" Cooley snapped.

The girl was unaware of having said anything startling.

"She is always careful of my health," she answered. "So, when she said I must go out to get some air, I decided to go to church and offer a prayer for my step-father's safety. You see, it is very dangerous in Mexico now for foreigners. That is why we could not stay there."

"What are you? Spanish? You don't talk like it," said Cooley suspiciously. And in her speech there was, indeed, no trace of foreign intonation—though to Scarborough's keener ear the voice itself had a warm, full-throated resonance rare in a native speaker of English.

"I was educated in England, and also went to school here for a time. Besides, I have lived all my life with my step-father, who is English," the girl explained.

"I see. Do you know if he's had trouble with anybody lately?" Cooley asked.

"He has had no serious trouble, I am sure. He has worried because our mine could not be worked and we were losing a great deal of money. It was because of that he was going to Mexico."

Her voice half broke on the final word, and as the sound the old woman suddenly roused herself and muttered, "It is the will of God," then subsided.

"Miss Ynaaga," said the Inspector abruptly, glaring with irritation at the housekeeper, "do you know a man named Brown?"

That he put the question with the hope of "starting something" Cooley afterward denied. It had not occurred to him, he said, that "Brown" was anything more than a temporary alias, probably confined to Mrs. Malone's boarding-house. But, whether intentional or not, the name had an extraordinary effect on the maid and on Rosalba Ynaaga. The former gave a violent start, then stood rigid, her face as white as death, watching her young mistress, whose astonishment had jerked half out of her chair.

"Why do you ask me that?" She stared at Cooley.

"Oh, you do!" said the latter quickly. "Who is he?"

"Who is he?"

"Yes—and what does he look like?"

"Look like?" she echoed again blankly.

"Yes," snapped Cooley. "You seem to know him, all right."

At that she recoiled a little.

"I have met him only—only once in my life," she answered, after a moment's hesitation. "But why do you ask about him? What has he to do with—this?"

"Where is he now?" demanded Cooley, ignoring her question.

"Why do you ask?"

"Come, now, you got to answer questions, not ask 'em," the Inspector admonished gruffly. "Where does this Brown live?"

"I don't know."

"What's his business?"

"I don't know."

"Well—what's his first name?"

"I—don't know."

"Huh! Don't know *anything* about him, do you?"—with heavy sarcasm.

"I told you that I have met him only

Continued on page 33

"'Miss Ynaaga,' said the Inspector abruptly, 'do you know a man named Brown?' 'I have met him only—only once in my life,' she answered."

WHEN WRITING THESE ADVERTISERS MENTION THIS MAGAZINE

© Brown Brothers

IF all the free advertising that has been enjoyed by the gentlemen on this page were to be paid for at space rates, it would make the European War bill look like a meat package from Mr. Woolworth. Sir Thomas Lipton, when he began business, had a Cheshire cheese made weighing a ton. He buried some gold sovereigns in it, exhibited it in his store window for a month, and then sold portions at fifteen shillings. The whole cheese was sold in a single night. Now, having $12,500,000 or so, he builds yachts to enter the international cup race. And of course the papers somehow find it out, and insist on mentioning it.

© Brown Brothers

SO well was P. T. Barnum advertised that a letter from Asia, addressed to "Mr. Barnum, America," reached him without an hour's delay. Around his house in Bridgeport Mr. Barnum placed queerly marked cattle, and he plowed his fields with an elephant where all the passengers on the railroad could see. Failing to capture a sacred white elephant from India, he got one not so sacred by painting him just as white, and made him much more famous. P. T. would have prevented the European War by hiring the Kaiser and the Czar and setting them to riding bareback around the sawdust ring in black silk tights.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

"I'LL fight the saloons in this town until hell freezes over, and then I'll buy a pair of skates and fight on the ice." Kind, gentle, and sweet-spirited words like these, uttered from behind a pulpit, somehow find their way into the daily papers, in spite of all efforts to keep them quiet. Billy Sunday may not leave a town as clean as some housekeeping helps, but he is just as widely advertised. Only once is it recorded that he refused to allow his picture to be taken. The photographer came up with beer on his breath, and Billy, having just finished his famous sermon on Booze, lit into him in a way that almost took his breath away.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

AT the close of his first day in business John Wanamaker had made $24.67, of which $24 was spent the next day in advertising. The Wanamaker business now allows four per cent. of its earnings for advertising—part of it on those famous free concerts in Egyptian Hall. No kind word dropped inside those doors is forgotten. You whisper to your aunt who is with you: "Ain't it wonderful?" And the next day you read in the store's advertisements: "Gentleman from Hicksville said yesterday: 'I have traveled the country over, and I must say this is the greatest business institution I ever saw.'"

Photograph by Paul Thompson

"HARK, the herald angels sing, Beecham's Pills are just the thing. Peace on earth and mercy mild!—Two for man and one for child." Distributing these lines in perfectly respectable-looking hymn-books just before Christmas brought Sir Joseph Beecham the best advertising he ever got. Sir Joseph bought more fence-rail space than any man in the world, advertising on every continent—even in Greenland.

LAST but not least, the Colonel. The newspapers owe him a lot. In the good old days when paper was cheap they could always count on him for a couple of front-page columns at least. Now, when paper is expensive, he kindly subsidizes and saves the newspapers millions. But he will not subsidize for long. We can positively promise that the Colonel will come back: we can, in fact, name the day on which he will do it. It will be on a Monday morning, when news is scarcer and the front page more available.

© Paul Thompson

WHO STARTS TH

Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE funny stories must start somewhere. Every time you pass a barber shop with a joke-teller for its master he always says: "That reminds me of the barber who—" Who is the barber of whom it reminds him? We present herewith his picture for the first time in any magazine. Look at him closely. He is the gentleman who murmured in his customer's ear: "Beg pardon, sir, I have cut off your ear." To which the customer, not to be outdone in politeness, replied: "Oh, nevermind. I have another."

Photograph from A. L. Bumstead

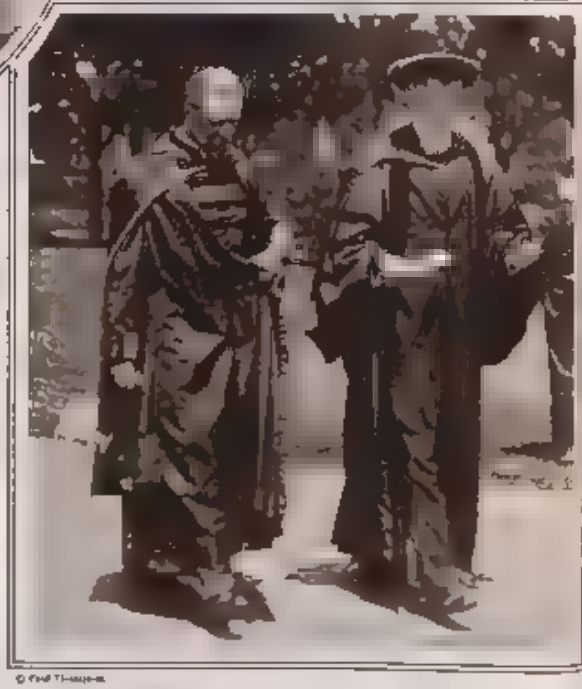
BILL JOHNSON'S son Ike must be a smart lad, or is forever being quoted in the funny papers. He is the chap who, when the candidate asked him where his father was, answered, "He's down back feedin' the hawgs. You can tell pop—he's got a hat on. We are glad to present Ike's picture—the man on whom all the Rube stories are told. It was Ike you remember who left home and took a job in a lawyer's office. Three days later he was back on the farm. "How'd you like law, Ike?" they asked him. "No good 'tall," answered Ike; "and I'm derned sorry I ever learned it."

IF the care-free little pickaninny had any idea how many thousand jokes the joke man had planned on him, he probably would never look at a watermelon again. "Cutest little negger you ever saw," says the joke man. "Pop," he asks his dad, "what am a millennium?" "Sho, don you know what am a millennium, chile? It's 'bout de same as a centennial, on'y it's got mo' laigs." We hereby present the picture of the "cutest little negger" and defy any one to prove that he is not him.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Photograph from A. L. Bumstead

AND the girlie stories—where do they all come from? Who is the girl whom the joker has in mind when he says: "Hear the cute stunt the girls did? One sez to the other—" Here are the two girls in question, with a third thrown in for good measure. The one on the middle facing you is the girl who said to her friend: "Molly told me that you told her that never a word you'd not to tell her." To which the one on the left replied: "Why the mean thing! I told her not to tell." "Well," said the first one, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me so don't tell her I did."



© Paul Thompson

ALL stories formerly attributed to Abe Lincoln are now the exclusive right of Chauncey M. Depew. All college professor stories were formerly said of President Eliot of Harvard. As his successor, they are now pinned on President Lowell. These include the story of the prof who, when the students shuffled their feet as the bell rang for the end of the class, said quietly: "Just a moment, gentlemen, I have a few more pearls to cast." Also the story of the absent-minded prof who put his umbrella carefully to bed, and stood himself up in the corner all night.

E FUNNY STORIES?

AND here is Steve. Good old Steve hero of all the cowboy stories, chief of the Texas rangers, leading man of the "Come you-drop-that-gun" dramas, and inventor of the "I'll also pump you-all so full o lead they'll use y'is for a dish-strainer." It was good old Steve who stepped off the train at Fort Worth, Texas, when there was a riot and the citizens had telegraphed for a company of Texas rangers for assistance. When Steve stepped off the anxious committee rushed up to him. "Where is he company?" they gasped. "Company—heh," murmured Steve. "They ain't but one riot here, is they?"

AND here is little Sally. You remember Sally, don't you? It was she who burst into tears when her tired and thirsty uncle picked up the glass of water on the dining-room table and drank it at one gulp. "What's the matter Sally?" asked her mother. "Boo-hoo!" answered Sally. "Uncle drank my 'rasnism.'" It was Sally too, who ran into the house with her hand all bleeding. "What in the world is the matter?" asked mother again. And again Sally replied through her tears: "I cut myself on that horrid pig rat."

Photograph by Paul Thompson

AND the débutante joke. Whence comes it? Who is the clever débutante who is forever handing the hot one to the presumptuous young man? Might not this be the clever girl? Said the young man to her, you remember, speaking very despondently and looking at his ball pop: "I have only one friend on earth, my dog." To which the quick-witted young lady replied: "Why don't you get another dog?" We never have any luck. The only débutantes we meet have a vocabulary consisting of: "Re—eally?" and "You cute, or anything" and "I thought I'd die."

Photograph from A. E. Churchill.

AND Pete the messenger-boy. Haven't you longed for a look at Pete hero of all the myriad messenger-boy tales? It was Pete who applied for a job, and was told that they wanted an older boy. Pete was back in a week. "I thought we told you we wanted an older boy," said the boss. "Yep, that's why I came back," answered Pete. Twas Pete, also, to whom his partner said: "Heird Mame s'rew y'is down last night." "Aw she needn't brag," quoth Pete. "I been s'rowed down by better gents dan Mame."

Photograph from A. E. Churchill.

"WONDER if she has been buying any cigars?" speculates the story teller as his eye falls on the busy matron saying "Home James," on the Avenue. "Easiest thing in the world, you know. Heard of one the other day who stepped into a cigar store. 'Good afternoon,' she says blithely. 'Here is a remnant of one of my husband's best cigars. Have you anything to match it?'"

AUNT SAM

FOR most of the things that Uncle Sam claims as much credit the credit really belongs to Aunt Sam. Don't you believe the screen she does the work. Miss Agnes Jurk shows us Food Extraordinary to Scientists

her business to get the nicest delicacies in the world and cook them. Then when she has a nice crop of germs and microbes well fattened up the Bureau of Plant Pathology comes along and sees to it that them all. Miss Agnes Jurk loses her job.

MRS. [illegible] SAM is on to Uncle Sam's model making habits that is to say she makes model flours. Meaning her mail she finds a fine assortment of flour manipulators and well you know. It is her business to discover germs under a microscope and has constructed copies of the little pests on a very much larger scale. On a lumber boat on lake Michigan we once had an all-night battle with a flea of which no enlargement could be made. Had he been made any larger he would have sunk the boat.

Also the flour that is made in the United States has to be tested by Miss Hannah L. Wessling. Miss Wessling discovers how much gluten starch sugar and others as a final test she makes a little loaf of bread and bakes it in her official oven. We should like to ask Miss Wessling a question

What was the flour used at Giles about ninety five years ago? We never ate such some of it after swimming in the old hole behind Noah Giles's Mill. It our boyhood town That mill is no longer manufactures we are sure. We have eaten much pie since. But never any that was like that

IF you are one of the folks who keep your money in the stocking or the kitchen range because you won't trust a bank, and if some patriotic you carelessly put on the fire regarding but the money in there still there is hope for you. Send the charred remains to Miss Amanda E. Brown, Washington, D. C. It's Mrs. Brown's official job to save the money of folks who deserve to lose it. Try her on your mutilated millions.

THERE is one of the things in Washington officially employed to count the lily pads in Mrs. Elbe Bennet Decker's backyard to learn the fish. The Department of Fisheries must have specimens of all the little fishes in the sea. Mrs. Decker takes her stuffed fishes, stuffs them with cotton, poses them in all the glory of their original colors, and forwards them to alcohol. We might say at her that one of her charges recently escaped. We do not care to give the name of the restaurant but he escaped all right. We met him

EVERY day the Post-Office Department receives from its 60,000 post offices orders for approximately 25,000,000 stamps. One woman, Mrs. Margaret Kerfoot, is responsible for filling these orders. Mrs. Kerfoot has been with the Department thirty two years which helps to explain how Postmaster-General can be charged with not without affecting the promptness of the mails

wrathy greeting. "She got away. Walked straight through the house and by the bunch of stops dancing. They thought she was somebody's laundress come for clothes. Can you beat it?"

Well, you know now who was working inside," said Tim. But Cooley snorted as the meager consolation, and, reentering the house, went directly to Alba Yznaga.

"What do you know about the French girl?" he snapped angrily.

Alba recoiled involuntarily before his violent manner into the protection of the doctor's arm.

"Well?" prompted Cooley sharply.

"Just a minute, Inspector Tierney interposed in his authoritative way. "She will answer you. Alba, my dear, you must answer." he urged gently. "There's nothing to be afraid of, me darlin'. Tell me what you know about this girl."

"I don't know anything," Alba answered, turning her white face up to him. "She came and asked me for a place the day we moved here," she went on in her breath catching a little between words. "I happened to see her, as Nana was busy, and I liked her looks. She was so anxious for me to take her. She—she urged me so. She said she had had all her references stolen on the steamer coming over, and they were all English ones, and it would take a long time to get others, and no one would engage her without them, and—and she had no money—she said. I thought she was telling the truth, and I was sorry for her. But Nana was very angry with me for taking her without references. She wanted to send her away, but I wouldn't let her."

She turned now and [illegible]

What has she done [illegible] didn't [illegible]

"You don't do?" "She's a confederate of this fellow Brown that you're shielding from the law, and—"

"That will do, Inspector." There reverberated curtly. "As this child is sick I decline to allow her to be examined about [illegible] matter any further tonight. [illegible] likely to endanger her health." he added to the girl. "I [illegible] help you get your things together."

Cooley allowed them to pass without argument. Being something of a bully he was easily overawed by an opponent of the doctor's caliber. Indeed, when they presently returned, ready for departure he showed an eagerness to make amends for his gruffness. And Tierney, as usual with his victory readily met him half way.

"You know where to find us, inspector when you want us," he observed affably as Cooley walked with him to the door following the policemen who were helping the old housekeeper.

She had been awakened sufficiently to stand and walk, but the sedative the doctor had given had stupefied her and only for an instant did she seem to become aware of her surroundings. That was when her glance, vaguely wandering, chanced to fall on Scarborough. Then a gleam lighted the dull eyes, and as she turned away she made the sign of the [illegible]

"She knows," thought Tim. "Seeing me reminded her of what happened upstairs. She knows the man she saw there but not as Brown. The odd thing is that she seems to recognize a divine justice in the murder. I wonder why?"

[illegible] the library for a final survey of it. Obviously there had been no struggle. The blow [illegible] appeared, might have been dealt just as the victim had turned his back to open the door, probably to allow his murderous visitor to pass out.

And whowas that visitor? Brown or Gil? What evidence was there against the Mexican? Only his call at the house. And fully fifteen minutes must [illegible] elapsed between that and the finding of the body. Then, too, his behavior had been in no way suspicious. While, as for Brown, he had not only been seen in the house after the murder, but had fled on discovery. Also he had prepared his getaway, and had an accomplice in the house.

Who was Brown? And why was the old housekeeper shielding him? Why the girl?

Scarborough decided to hunt up Gil's cabman down at the Pennsylvania Station. After all, the Mexican was the only person whose movements concerned him. If innocent, Gil would, of course, himself [illegible] all the police of the [illegible] as soon as he heard of the murder. If he did not, it would be fairly [illegible] elusive evi—

Here Scarborough's speculations ceased as abruptly as if the power to think had suddenly failed him. For as this moment, entering the room behind Cooley, he saw the very man with whom his thoughts were busy—Valentin Gil.

INSTANTLY Scarborough stepped aside, and, to his relief, the newcomer in passing gave him no [illegible] glance before fixing his eyes on the body of the murdered man.

"When did it happen?" Gil asked in his strongly foreign pronunciation, turning to the inspector.

"About eight o'clock."

There was a pause then, during which [illegible] did not move; but to Tim, watching intently, it seemed that his body had stiffened, grown tense.

"You say you came pro[illegible] business? Known [illegible] Cooley inquired.

"Not personally. I have known of him for some years," said Gil.

[illegible] a young Englishman calling himself Brown—tall, with light hair?"

"Brown?" There was unmistakable surprise in the Mexican's voice, but he repeated the name again, as if probing his memory before he answered. "Yes, I have met a young man of that description and name; but surely you do not suppose—"

"Oh, we got our proof," Cooley interrupted. "Know where he is?"

Gil shook his head.

"What proof?" he asked.

"He was seen here just before the body was found. What do you know about him?"

"Seen here, you say—at eight o'clock?"

"Well, eight-ten or eight-fifteen, maybe. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing—that is practically nothing," said Gil. "I do not even know his [illegible] and as the only [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] a short time ago. I was there reading after the interests of some of my clients, and this young man called to make some inquiries about some mining property. But nothing came of his visit. And I know nothing about him—nothing whatever. But I can not believe that the man I speak of could have been concerned in this crime. I can not think what motive he—"

"We don't have to bother about a man's motive when he's caught in the act."

"In the act?"

"[illegible] was in the room with the dead [illegible] was seen coming out. And he ran away. Ain't that enough?"

"Who saw him?" Gil asked.

"I'm not [illegible]—Say, I'm [illegible] to answer questions, you know," Cooley declared irascibly, his eyes narrowing in sudden suspicion. "Just what did you tell me was your business here?" he inquired pointedly.

"I do not think I [illegible] [illegible] veered suavely. "It is a [illegible] way connected with this affair [illegible] to consult with Miss Yznaga about it. May I ask where she is?"

Grudgingly Cooley supplied the information. "And you say you didn't know those people well?" he questioned.

"No, and that only in a professional way. I am a lawyer." He took out a card-case [illegible] [illegible] from it [illegible] [illegible] any time," he said.

At this point Scarborough, who had quietly withdrawn to the hall and was listening from there, left the house. Hurrying to the corner, he had the good luck to pick up a taxi at once. Two minutes later he was once more trailing the Mexican.

And again [illegible] attempts to follow him all have [illegible] cab arrived east, into the Pa[illegible] was not the same cab. Tim noted carefully its license number. Later by tracing the two cabs, he hoped to [illegible] the Mexican had spent the [illegible] his two calls at the Wellington.

WHY had [illegible] returned the face of that first call? What was his connection with the murder? Was he an accomplice of Brown? Had he met the latter after the murder, learned of the encounter with Doxy, and come back to find out how much he police knew?

Down the oiled parkway, black and lustrous under the lights of the horse-drawn hansom, sped the two cars. Round he lake they swerved, then bent outward again up hill, on emerging into Fifth Avenue, they turned north.

"Easy, now. Pass 'em!" Tim ordered, when he made out ahead suddenly veered toward the curb and slowed down. "Turn [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

and the prospect was that he would remain there for some time, if not all night. Pressing his cab Tim found a telephone booth at the corner drug-store and summoned in as possible haste the aid he wanted—two men to watch a house on 57

WITHIN fifteen minutes the two detectives summoned by Searborough relieve him of the surveillance of Valente Gi arrived and, having given them his instructions, Tim hurried off At the Pennsylvania Station, whither he went first, he had no difficulty in locating by means of its license number the b in which Gil had made his first call at the Welles-Haw house.

"Say! I thought there was something funny about that guy!" declared the chauffeur as soon as Tim began to question him. "First go off he give me a number on the East Side and—"

"What number?" Searborough asked

Oh, I don t remember it now. Fifth t was a swell address. So I rough the Park But when we on Fifth Aven changed his mind a me a number on the West Side again

Then, the minute I guts turned to go ek, he sings out to take him to the nearest Elevated station."

"Third Avenue El?" Tim inquired

"Sure. And he goes I waited to see. He had me guessing What s the matter with him?"

That s what we're trying to find ou," wi

Mexican proving futile, Tim tor off much disappointed. He suspec hat the Fifth Avenue address was Jol n s, and would have given a good deal

Searborough s next destination was he St Quentin Hotel. He wanted a few words with Doctor Cullop

Fi his mind Tim had only a few minu es to wai

The boy came hurrying out to him jauntily again at l

hat's up? Have they got him?" it whom?"

"Why—the man they were after "

"Brown?"

"I don t know if that s his name—" kid," said Searborough. uth The man you saw h ght was he same man we met cab, and what you said to him Hello, Brown wasn't it?"

I did say that, but he

an arresting hand heavily on the boy arm "I know you I know you d do lik

ght be in lov

turned out to be Brown's of away by the roof, too

rnestly

ering overheard h lower tone:

"Remember the man who passed our table in the dining-car this evening—I spoke to Brown?"

Doxy nodded. "And Brown didn't know him."

"He didn't recognize him," Searborough corrected meaningly. "He knew him well enough. The X at the Welles-I ave house to-night. And t, if you remember, after he passed took Brown asked me who he was

"But, Tim, he—"

"Listen now. This Mexican is suspected of—" Tim stopped, arrested by instinct of caution. "He s under suspicion," he amended briefly. "Word of honor kid, that the man you saw in the house was not the one we met?"

"Word of honor," affirmed Doxy. "I thought it was at first then saw it wasn't Haven you ever mistaken one person for another until you

"This is different," put in Searborough "There s the name. If these two Browns are not the same, they're brothers."

"Why—hadn thought of that!" Doxy exclaimed. "I just thought here was a mistake in the name. "But s'll ort that s it. Some brothers do look awfull alike, especially to strangers. But say " he broke off, his face throbbed. "It will be tough on Brown our Brown if he other fellow is his brother. He seem such a decent chap. Didn't you think so

assented absently. He was busy thinking

"I took to him right off," Doxy went on. "I liked the way he looks at you—straight in the eye. And I liked the way he kept hold of himself when you were swapping him about that dual person ality on—"

A startling thought flitted the word said suddenly. "Could s pat man personality case he was telling about be—himself?"

"What's that?"

Startled in tur

"He said t was in his family." Doxy insisted. "And he said it was a mast And that people who knew him well didn s recognize him in the other personality And he said he didn t know in one what he did in the other! Maybe that was why he didn't know in

"The idea s absurd," said Searborough

"But everything fits, Tim! He said room being quiet and steady normally the man became reckless and excitable And he said—Tim, don t you remember?—he said he drank."

Searborough did not answer but the boy knew he was thinking of the whisky flask found in the boarding-house room

"He said that normally the man didn drink—hated it." Doxy argued on. "And he refused when I asked him to have something—said he never touched it Don s you remember? Then what would

her? Think, now How

but I think he our Brown s

But you s I didn s notice details remember is his hair. It was light as think like Brown s, but not brushed down smooth like his. That was one thing that made him look so different, maybe Because he did look different, Tim!" Doxy thought a moment. "Yes, he look different. I knew the minute I really go a good look at him I knew it wasn't Brown—not Brown," he declared. "Anyhow, that whisky outfit proves s was not the same man, doesn't it? Unless it was one man with two personalities. Tim! that would be worse than having it his

added anxiously, as his friend was starting away. "Do you think it could be that—double personality?"

"No, I don't," said Tim. "Forget it."

To be continued next week

How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself

THREE years ago I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two chil struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools for cash, a $25,000 and a do less work

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never been a not "brilliant

er educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not of them approaches my earnings. I mention his merely to show that earning capacity is ot be the extent of a man's equ mce my readers hav chen re only one reason I will give herein.

One day a few years ago, s began to "take stock" of myself s found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drif ed along without My lack of educa ion had bothered me, and s half brought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better mys more. Then I read somewhere that out few *millions* es ever went to college. allison, Rockefeller Hill ne of them and now more schooling than s half ning happened that woke me up s what was wrong with me s was necessary for me o s matter which was of s knew in my heart, was the ri to do, but something held me back other. I decided one da dem another. I wouldn t for the life of m make the decisi I knew was rich

I lay awake most of that night thinkin

in itself, but, beca I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I de ded to cultivate my will ha d. I did this I would

when I had ma s I would have sufficien confidence to n of to put it "over"—that s would use "afraid" of myself or of thing in of es. I felt that if I could assert mys as a man s would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for succes all always stood hat in hand, depending on others to "give" the things I desired. In short, I was compelled by the will of others. Henceforth, I

extraordinary results that I at from the first day. I ha The success that my will has made for me

developed powers, save that of And to further prove my content

which seem s show conclusively hat dominable will can be developed by

a young man who He was right at seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, as the suggest of Mr W M efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C D Van Veehten, General Agent of

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THE United States govern[illegible] allowing us to put a famo[illegible] White [illegible] flank said [illegible] not it will rain on the [illegible] dust set for the next Sunday school pic[illegible]

[illegible] that has been [illegible] turned up [illegible] been [illegible] deadly mine gas, also has been revived so often that some [illegible] little steel insect feel like a [illegible]

The United States government has instituted sub[illegible] [illegible] from ordering a way[illegible] ward reclining out of the proposed pathway of a ship, to showing mothers and [illegible] how [illegible] should not allow the [illegible] [illegible] showing how forests are destroyed through improper and reckless lumbering, as well as how they are conserved for posterity by correct lumbering methods. Another coach shows how railway [illegible] are inspected so that boiler explosions will never occur except in short stories. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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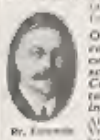

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Farmer Burns' 10 Lessons in Wrestling, Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. Kelland graduated from the Detroit College of Law; but, failing to find any one to practise on, went to work for the Detroit "News," and was later editor of the "American Boy." Now he lives in Wilmington, Vermont, writes novels like "Sudden Jim" and short stories like this one, and enjoys life generally. "My favorite color," he says, "is the shade of yellow used by the government on gold certificates; and anybody can beat me playing checkers."

Bundy's face right before my eyes, I knowed what it was.

Well, sir, I slumped down off of my chair and set on it and laughed. Laughed! It was the relief, I guess. For that heart-chilling noise, that sounded so horrible-like, was nothing in the world but the kind of a *snore* that a healthy man lets out when he's plumb fagged out and gets to sleep on his back.

And with hearing that snore I got a little sense. I put two and three together all in a second, and made seven out of it, so to speak.

Then I went down to Elinor, past the men that was waiting, and didn't say a word to them.

"He's here, Elinor," says I. "Come along with me."

She came, dreading it every step she took. But she didn't whimper or faint or anything except just grip my arm hard. I was some proud of her.

WE went up the stairs, and when we got in front of the door I up with my head and give it a kick alongside of the knob.

The door wasn't much account anyhow, and the lock busted right off with considerable of a racket—enough to wake up a man that hadn't been sleeping for a matter of twenty-four hours. It woke up Tom.

He sat up, and blinked and waggled his head and felt of his neck, and then stared at us.

"Elinor!" says he, and there wasn't anything crazy about the way he said it.

"Tom," she says, and went running at him. "Tom, are you better? Oh, Tom!" —and more words to that effect.

"It works," says he—and leaped up to his feet. "It works, honey. Isn't that great? It actually does what I wanted it to do—and more. It's a winner."

"Now, Tom," says she, taking hold of his arm, "be quiet, dear. Uncle Eli and I are here. We'll take care of you now."

You see, she thought from what he said that he was crazy still; but I knew better. I *knew*.

"What?" says Tom, puzzled, but didn't wait for an answer.

He pranced over to a gas engine that was on a block, and pointed to a thing on the side of it that looked like a brass sugar-bowl.

"There," says he, "there's the little duck," he says. "Watch it, now. I'll start her up and you watch her go."

He grabbed a crank and started the engine. Off it went, with a lot of coughing and sputtering, and Tom all the time eyeing it like it was imported cheese that he wanted to take a bite out of.

"See," says he, "how flexible it is?"

HE slowed it down, and then made it go faster, and fussed around with it, as peeved as a new pa with twins.

"Say, Tom," says I, "wake out of it and do a leetle explainin'. What is that there contraption?"

"Why," says he, "that's my kerosene carburetor. And it works. It works! Know what that means for you and me, Elinor? Money. That's what. All we need and more. Whoop!"

She was still looking at him doubtful, not quite comprehending what was going on; and I don't blame her.

"Elinor," says I, "it's my fault. I didn't do my full duty. When he was askin' me to let you marry him, I put some questions to him about his prospects, but I didn't think to ask him was he an inventor. If I had, it would of saved all this trouble. Then I'd have known right off what was ailing him when he blowed in sugar-bawls, and tramped around, and walked off leaving his best girl in the theater, and drunk kerosene and sich. I'd have known he was took hard with an idea. It's the way these here inventors run," says I, "and it's natural for 'em."

"He's—*all right?*" Elinor says.

"Never was any other way," says I.

"What's all this?" says Tom, looking flabbergasted.

"Your friends, not knowin' the nature of your ailment," says I, "judged you had went insane."

"Heavens!" says Tom, and looked at Elinor with the sorriest, apologizingest kind of a look anybody ever saw. "Didn't you know, dear? I thought I'd told you all about it, and how I'd worked on this thing, and then at last how close I was to getting the secret of the thing. I guess I got sort of absent-minded and funny along toward the last, with thinking and reasoning it out and not sleeping.

"Honest, I don't remember very clearly just what did go on. But this thing kept just a hair's-breadth out of reach. I didn't dare take my mind off it, for fear it would whisk away forever.

"You understand, don't you, dear? It was for you. It was so that I could give you everything in life you could ask. Just for you."

"But," she says, half severe and the other half forgiving, "what made you run off without telling me? You don't know how I've suffered, Tom!"

"You'll never suffer again," says he. "Why, I did tell you," he says. "I wrote you a note that I was coming here to stay by it till I won out. I wrote it," says he.

And then he began to look sort of sheepish, like he was caught in some kid caper.

"But," says he, pulling a piece of paper out of his pocket, "I clean forgot to mail it."

BY this time she was hanging on to him and sobbing; but it was a happy kind of a sob.

"I'll go down," says I, "and wait in the hack. But," I says, "before I go I got this advice to offer you, young feller. When a young spriggins comes to ask you if he kin marry your daughter, hang on to him till you've asked all the questions there is. Not that it'll interfere with the marryin'," says I, "but so's to give you a line on why he does crazy things if he does 'em. And," I says, "don't omit to ask him if he's one of these here inventors. Them kind," says I, "hain't normal unless they're nutty. G'-by," says I.

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How I Learned Not to Quarrel with My Wife

I LEARNED not to quarrel with my wife by analyzing the cause carefully and then removing it; but this required a greater risk than many men, perhaps, would care to assume.

First, let me explain, I am of a temperamental disposition, and things sometimes annoy me without my being conscious of just what they are. Thus I discovered, after a year or so of married life, that I often became irritable when in the presence of my wife at home, although this feeling would leave me when I went out.

Later I noticed that when I was at the theater or at any social affair with my wife my peace of mind was not disturbed. Thus I came to the conclusion that it was something about our home life that jarred on my nerves, making me irritable and ready to start an argument on any pretense.

At last I discovered the cause. It was simply my wife's taste—or lack of it—in her dress when at home.

My business position demanded that I make a good personal appearance, and particular dressing had become a sort of sixth sense with me. Most of the people I met in business were also careful about their appearance.

After associating all day with people who always looked their best and then going home and finding the wife of my bosom dressed in a faded kimono and carpet slippers, reading a book, I would be thrown into a mood fit for murder.

The light broke upon me, in one of our many wrangles, when friend wife accused me of having lost interest in her and of seeming to prefer the company of other women when any happened to be around.

My natural impulse was to deny this and lie out of it like a gentleman; but I knew there was some basis for her feeling, and all at once it came to me.

It took me two hours to prepare my speech, because I realized what it meant to hurt a woman's vanity. When it was ready I felt about as cheerful as if I were flicking ashes from a hot cigar into a barrel of dynamite.

At last, however, I shut my eyes and fired both barrels. I do not know yet just how I began; but after the start I threw away all discretion and told her the whole story.

It probably hurt her more than if I had beaten her, and it was a long time before I knew whether I was to be pensioned, made to pay alimony, or acquitted. After the tears had stopped, I got my wife's side of the argument, and in it she assumed ninety-eight per cent. of the blame and offered just one little excuse.

She admitted having grown careless, and promised to curb her appetite for candy and sodas, and spend the money toward keeping up her personal appearance.

Then we figured up her expenses, and found that she was going along on a very narrow margin; so I increased her allowance; and the grand result is a better mutual understanding, and a wife who has been changed from a mere wife back into the girl I used to know and rave about.

Some men who read this will recognize in it a parallel to their own case, but many of them will lack the moral courage to get away with my program. So I hope the wives who see it will compare the situation with their own experience, and, if it applies, take it as a lesson; and when the old man comes dragging in after a trying day's work, don't meet him with a mouthful of hairpins.

Fix up like you used to when he was courting you and father was paying the gas bill. Show him the girl he used to know.

Who Should Speculate?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

FOR the last year or two the editor of this magazine and the writer of these articles have been in frequent receipt of inquiries concerning stock speculation. During that period the "stock market" has boomed and stories of big profits made in so-called "war brides" have aroused the interest and active participation of many thousands of persons who never before had paid any attention to this method of making and losing money. Some of the letters received read as follows:

What do they mean by being "long" or "short" of the market?

Kindly inform me where I can find a good text-book treating on how to proceed in buying and selling stocks and bonds of any kind on the New York Stock Exchange, and defining the different terms used in this business, such as "preferred" and "common" stocks and "curb market."

Where can I get information on this subject—speculating or trading in stocks?

I am interested in stocks, but as far as regards their operation I have but a vague knowledge. Are books published in regard to how stocks operate? What constitutes a gain, and how far do stocks fall when one loses all one's money? I take it if I buy stocks at twenty-two cents and the stocks fall to twenty-one cents I lose all my money. Am I right?

There is one conclusive answer to all these questions.

Persons who are so totally ignorant of financial operations should keep out of stock speculation entirely. To speak plainly, they are lambs ready for the slaughter, and in nine cases out of ten will lose their money.

It must be admitted that a great number of persons of limited knowledge, experience, and resources have made money in the stock market in the last year or two. But very many have lost, and still more will lose within the next year or so.

Speculation Is Work

NEARLY all authorities agree that speculation has its usefulness, but is dangerous for all except the professionals.

It is a most difficult business even for those gentlemen, and many of them lose. But the same amount of specialized technical knowledge, training, ability, and capital that enables a man to become a successful railroad president, banker, merchant, or manufacturer, coupled with certain peculiar qualities of mind, will probably make a man a successful speculator.

In other words, it is just as difficult to become a successful speculator as a leader in any other line of business, and probably a little more so, because it requires a cold self-possession, a ruthless faith in one's own judgment, and poise, greater even than are essential to the top-notch men in other lines.

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speculation. One never made speculation, a Mr. pointed, just as others make gain or journalism or art.

It is absurd to suppose that one can succeed in speculation without work any more than in other industries; and yet, this is exactly the great mistake that nearly all persons make who buy stocks or bonds.

There are tremendous odds against the ordinary ignorant speculator, as even against the average business man who operates in stocks. There is always the overhead expense of commissions and taxes, and sometimes taxes, which eat into profits. There is always true that many stocks, even those supposed to have merit, steadily decline in price, although high authorities have predicted the contrary.

Even in these boom times, great numbers of stocks, on both the Stock Exchange and the curb, have steadily fallen, despite the fact that many of them were sponsored by reputable capitalists. Thousands of traders in stocks have lost or even been ruined by this one cause alone. No one can be sure of always picking a winner.

Mob Psychology in Stock Speculation

THERE are many other handicaps that might be mentioned, such as "unloading" upon the public by "insiders." But this can be overlooked in view of a far more serious and important objection to stock speculation on the part of the ordinary man.

Only one person in thousands has the strength of mind and character not to be swept away by the changing moods and daily currents of the market. Jones is told that X. Y. Z. stock is a good stock. Perhaps it is, and if Jones pays for it in full, puts it away, and forgets it, in the course of a few years it may pay dividends. But Jones buys it on a margin, it goes down a few points, he is frightened, sells out, and loses.

This is the old, old story. The mob psychology is too much for him. It is only the rare individual who can resist these currents, which are just as powerful and destructive mentally and physically as they are in a psychiatric sense. Even more fatal are the ten, twenty, and thirty point drops that come with the series of international events, such as peace, etc.

Can You Afford to Lose?

DON'T forget that the successful speculator is invariably prepared for losses and can afford them. Remember that the poor man loses all if his venture goes wrong, while the capitalist, the banker, the captain of industries lose only part. The man who buys stock on a margin, when he can not afford to lose, is just a plain fool. Even if he can afford to lose and is not an expert on the game, he is foolish enough.

Remember that the stock market is a sort of barometer of the country's industries; and there is no sure way of playing the market, any more than there is of predicting what a barometer will do. Put as a barometer is put up to indicate the weather, so the stock market exists to forecast and indicate investment conditions. You can learn a great deal concerning the merits of stocks and bonds by watching the market, and stocks are put there for the very purpose of buying and hoarding them only; but to beat the barometer itself is a hard thing.

As for books telling one how to speculate, I doubt if any of them are worth as much as the paper they are written on. There are a score of financial subjects which the writers of the letters quoted in this article should study. There are several financial dictionaries that define the terms used in stock speculation; but they do not tell you how to speculate successfully, any more than an ordinary dictionary tells you to follow the countless pursuits, many of whose technical terms it defines.

Finally, it can not be repeated too often that the great fortunes in this country are almost without exception founded on thrift, ideas, and hard work. Speculators almost always die poor. On the contrary, the men who never said income would no matter how limited its amount—was hardly fail to come up to old age in comfortable independence.

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Arrangements have been made by which any reader mentioning this magazine may have any or all of the following booklets on request.

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